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JOYFUL ODE:

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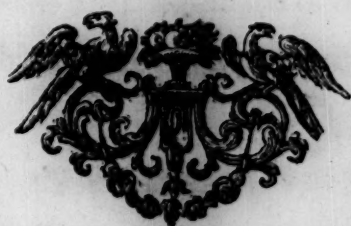
K I N G,

ON THE LATE

V I C T O R Y

AT

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L O N D O N:

Printed for M. COOPER at the *Globe* in *Pater-noster Row*.

1743.

[ Price Six-pence. ]

15476.485\*

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1931

March 21

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# JOYFUL ODE:

Inscribed to the KING, &c.

FROM gentler Notes of Peace and Love,  
Tun'd in the Meadow, or the Grove;  
How shall the feeble Muse exalt her Strain,  
To sing the Honours of the dusty Plain?  
Where fell *Destruction* grimly trod!  
Where mighty *GEORGE* in Triumph rode;  
And smil'd to see that Ardor re-inspire  
The Son, that warm'd the Bosom of his Sire.

To Glory too-too-much a-kin,  
O check the mounting Flame within!  
Nor trust, illustrious Chief! thy sacred Breath  
To her fallacious Smiles, and Siren Faith!  
But hark! the mingling Concert, from afar—  
Fifes, Drums and Trumpets jointly sound!  
The neighing Squadron, rattling Ground,  
Thick Clouds of Dust, that rise around,  
Proclaim th'approaching Deluge of the War.

Insulting *Gaul*! desist in time;  
Nor with new Errors tinge thy Crime.  
Heav'n hath already mark'd thy perjur'd Aim;  
And its sure Vengeance kindles into Flame.  
Successful Fraud, Ambition, *Austria's* Wrongs,  
No more, shall swell your prostituted Songs.

*Bavaria's*

*Bavaria's* Prince shall feel too late,  
 Your Smiles more fatal than your Hate.  
 Too late, the Father saw himself undone,  
 By the same Arts, which now delude his Son!

Behold! wide-waving to the Day,

The *British* Banner fans you cold:

Retire, and profit while you may;

Or stay and suffer, as of old.——

Admire, and dread the Progeny of those,

Who, like the Ministers of Fate, arose

When *Faith* and *Justice* fell a Prey

To your vain-glorious Monarch's Sway;

And the imperial Eagle droop'd with Fear:

Who stain'd the *Scheld* with *Gallic* Blood,

Immortaliz'd the *Danube's* Flood,

And check'd your Tyrant in his fierce Career!

Intrepid Heirs of Martial Fame!

Like your Ancestors greatly shine:

'Twas theirs, unbounded Power to tame;

Be yours the same Attempt divine!

Yes, every Breast replete with Fire,

For Glory feels the same Desire;

And, like the Courser, quivers for the Field.

See the young Heroes sweep along,

In Native Courage nobly strong!

Resolv'd to conquer, and untaught to yield.

Such was the Valour shook your Throne,

In Arms when Godlike *Harry* shone;

And

And like a Torrent bore your Legions down !  
 Such Vigour cut your Vaunting short,  
 At *Poitiers*, *Cressy*, *Agincourt* ;  
 And modell'd for an *English* Heir your Crown !  
 Such were the Soldiers, Sinews, Arms,  
 Which fill'd your Country with Alarms,  
 When *Churchill* thunder'd in the smoaky Plain,  
 When bleeding *France*, amaz'd, recoil'd !  
 O'er baffled Schemes when *Lewis* boil'd !  
 When Widows, Want, and Orphans curs'd his Reign !  
 Proud *Xerxes* once, with Nations at his Nod,  
 The *Hellepont* superbly cross'd,  
 But first, he felt his Grandeur tofs'd,  
 And saw the Billow reft to his Rod :  
 O short-liv'd Pageant of ill-founded Pow'r !  
 Like him fantastically vain,  
 Your Chief in Splendor cross'd the *Mayno*,  
 Like him shall soon return in evil Hour !  
 Now, now the adverse Hosts engage !  
 Now complicated Horrors rage !  
 The Cannon vomits forth its dreadful Ball !  
 Repeated Vollies rend the Skies,  
 Unnumber'd Groans unmark'd arise,  
 And one wide-curling Cloud envelops all !  
 Unsparing *Havock* spreads around !  
 Entire Battalions bite the Ground,  
 Tremendous *Ruin* ravages the Plain !  
 Men, Steeds, and Arms promisc'ous lie,  
 Great Leaders undistinguish'd die,  
 And *Discord* horrid stalks o'er Heaps of Slain.

But who is he that smiles, serene,  
 Amidst the Terrors of the Scene;  
 Directs that blooming Hero's first Essay,  
 To Glory's unpolluted Shrine?  
 Bursts thro' the Line-encountering Line,  
 Through Flames, Confusion, Danger, and Dismay?  
 'Tis Heav'n's Vicegerent, GEORGE,  
 The Orphan's Stay, th' Oppressor's Scourge,  
 He comes, the Judge of violated Faith;  
 Fair-op'ning WILLIAM at his Side,  
 His People's Darling, and their Pride;  
 And for him traces out the shining Path.

*Amphitryon* thus, with Parent Care,  
 The young *Alcides* form'd to War;  
 Thus brinded Lions flesh their dauntless Brood;  
 The soaring Eagle mounts on high,  
 Commits his Offspring to the Sky,  
 And joys to see his own aspiring Blood.  
 Thus martial EDWARD, from the Mountain's Brow,  
 Beheld his Royal Whelp advance,  
 Confound th' embattl'd Host of *France*,  
 And with red Carnage strew the Field below.

Ye Ministers of Heaven, attend,  
 Our younger Hope from Peril guard;  
 Its Threats are vain, where you defend;  
 You screen'd his Sire at *Oudenarde*.

But

But fure you flumber'd, or withdrew;  
 Or was it but the more to grace  
 Your Charge, the Ball permitted flew,  
 The Blood of Princes flow'd apace?

O early smote in Virtue's Caufe!  
 Purfue that elevated Aim,  
 Which with the Good fecures Applaufe,  
 Which from the Guilty conquers Fame.  
 Wrapt in a dusky Cloud fair *Triumph* views  
 The undecided Battle, roar  
 Thro' Hills of Dead, and Seas of Gore,  
 And plumes her Golden Pinions with the Mufer-

What mortal Power can long withftand  
 GEORGE, *Juftice*, *Stair*, and *Cumberland*?  
 The *Britifh* Youth, afham'd to own  
 Ev'n Conqueft, if too dearly won,  
 Like Tigers rufh'd with Fury on their Prey!  
 The rapid Charge affrights the Foe,  
 They reel with the redoubled Blow,  
 They bleed, they faint, they flagger and give way:

While *Victory* beholds the Rout,  
 Exulting hears the Conq'ring Shout,  
 Once more, in her oft-wedded Nation bleft,  
 With *Fame* and *Honour* at her Side,  
 Descends like an Imperial Bride,  
 And perches on auspicious *William's* Crefl!

*Noailles,*

*Noailles*, repine, thy Views are crost,  
 Thy Leaders slain, thy Banners lost,  
 Thy scatter'd Troops in wild Disorder fly!  
 Befet on every hand with Fear,  
 Destruction fastens on their Rear,  
 And Consternation shoots from ev'ry Eye!

*Mayne* starting from his oozy Bed,  
 Astonish'd lifts his dropping Head,  
 And sees the crowded Slaughter tinge his Wave;  
 Sees Numbers striving to evade  
 The Fury of the Victor's Blade,  
 Plunge in, aghast, and tempt the liquid Grave!

Lament not that thy Waters flow  
 Conducive thus to *Gallic* Woe;  
 In lasting Character, thine awful Name  
 Thro' faithful History will shine  
 Immortal as thy Neighbour *Rhine*;  
 Of Perfidy, the Terror and the Shame!

In injur'd Honour's just Defence,  
 To shield deserted Innocence,  
 Persist, Great King, to stretch thy shelt'ring Wing:  
 So shall Success thy Valour crown,  
 Peace, War, and Empire be thy own,  
 And Muses yet unborn thy Praise will sing!

F I N I S.